



Poké Food for an Overgrown Vaporeon

by Sini



Sini stroked the little Lavender Vaporeon's head, and she purred and swished her tail in his grasp, a devious, toothy smile on her face. Even smaller than a Poochyena she was, yet she had already torn the dragon's blankets to shreds, as well as all of the clothing in his bedroom drawers. Just like the previous owner (a tourist from Kanto, who had just gotten off the ship from the city's harbor) had told him, Sienna (that was the name the tourist had given her) may have seemed cute and innocent, but you couldn't leave her alone for more than a few minutes without expecting mayhem upon your return.

"Is this normal behavior for a small Vaporeon?" Sini asked the sparkling ocean, footpaws in the mushy sand as he let the foamy Lilycove surf lap at them. She tried to wriggle out of his grasp, clearly wanting to leap into the ocean. No, smallness is no excuse for a Pokémon to act so rascally, he decided.

"Then she has a chemical imbalance," he concluded. "She needs medicine. Only the best for my little Sienna." So he left the beach, fetched his bike and rode to the department store. He ascended in an elevator to the pharmaceutical floor and browsed the shelves. Among the usual medicines, like Protein, Calcium, Iron and PP UP, he found one labeled, "ALL UP." An orange sticker attached to the label assured him that this one had a "STATE OF THE ART FORMULA!" And Sini, conflating newness with goodness and staunchly believing that more is better, decided that this was the only medicine in Hoenn that would suffice to correct her naughty behavior.

A bell at the exit jingled as he carried a little plastic bag with the drug bottle on the crook of one elbow, smiling at the mini Vaporeon, who licked at



his face, seeming to approve of the purchase. “I have also been thinking of changing your Pokéfood brand; but we’ll see how these meds work on you first.”

Sini sat down at a bench situated on, and facing away from, a cliff overlooking the richly blue sea and the massive rock isle. It was just outside of the department store. A fountain played before him as his paw fumbled into the bag before pulling out the bottle of dark amber glass, a black cap screwed on. He sliced off the protective plastic with a claw, and was about to cork off the cap when Sienna leaped like a little Rapidash from his shoulder, landing on the cobbles on her hind legs with the bottle held in her forepaws, despite it being about as thick as her body.

Grinning deviously, she gnawed off the cap and spat it into the fountain, then upended the bottle and began to glug it all down, much to Sini’s alarm. He started to his feet, scolding her with a hushed voice, as if overly embarrassed about her rude behavior in the public eye, six trainers in their proximity looking on at the ordeal.

“Hey – give that back,” Sini scolded, his initial anger sliding into worry after she had gulped down a quarter of the bottle. “You’re only supposed to take a tablespoon per day, and that’s to last you at least four months.” Picking her up by the fluffy scruff of the neck, he tried pulling the bottle out of her grasp, but couldn’t separate her from her cherished beverage without fearing he might dislocate a shoulder or be written up by onlookers for being an abusive trainer.



The summer sun seemed especially mean on his shining, black-scaled scalp as stage fright set in. Goodness, she's gonna die from blood poisoning; and then I'll be sharing showers with Team Aqua, looking over my shoulder anytime I drop the soap. "Please stop drinking, Sienna! I'm rather particular about the soap I use..."

Instead of complying, Sienna raised the underside of the bottle even higher, clutching the bottle with the passion of a trombone player doing a solo. She spat out the neck of the empty bottle with a sigh, her belly clearly the focal point of her tiny body, swollen big and round, sagging to her feet with all two quarts of that medicinal brew. She handed it to Sini, leaving him with the task of recycling before hopping free of his clutch.

Sini turned away to dispose of it, thinking aloud: "Huff, well, best I transport you to the nearest Nurse Joy..." When he returned to the bench, Sienna was gone – not bodily, but mentally!

She rolled onto her back on the cobbles, and squealed in bliss, quivering from her three-pointed web ears down to her slimy-finned tail. Sini gawked like a prohibitionist watching the devilries of a bottle consume their sibling, and then noticed her transforming. Her body groaning, bones snapping and crunching – her snout and ears elongating, legs and tail too. In fact, she was *growing*.

Do oddly-colored Vaporeons have an additional evolution? the dragon wondered.



Formerly not much larger than a round loaf of bread, Sienna had already grown to the size of an Electrike. She continued to grow, rays of brilliant light wavering out of her humming head sapphire. Her chibi features matured, the Vaporeon's eyes becoming more slender and sexy, her coat becoming more poofy and lavish and sweet-smelling, a scent infiltrating Sini's scaly nostrils and inducing a soft groan beneath his breath. He pitched a tent in his jeans, not entirely sure why – he had scented her plenty of times before, but never had the natural scent-blend of passionfruit and lychee affected him in such a way.

She rose with a lecherous hum, emanating a majestic psychic aura of magenta, now at least five feet tall. For a quadruped that was fairly sizable. She weighed half a ton: hundreds of pounds heavier than most trainers, and close to the weight of her seven-foot-tall dragon trainer. She approached him with a delicate amble, and he found himself distracted by a dribble of sticky, clear goop from between her hind legs.

Suddenly, Sini conjoined in his mind her enticing scent and her overactive sex drive, and he recognized the symptoms of pheromones potent to the point of hypnotism, and, with alarm, he reached for her Poké Ball on his belt to send her back; to clear the air and regain his sobriety.

But with a frisky *nyomf* she tugged on that leather girdle and started yanking on it, the scene looking rather obscene to onlookers behind him, for whom it looked as though he were receiving a blowjob from his Pokémon.

"Huff, what are you doing, Sienna?!" Paws sweaty, Sini heaved on her web-eared head, groaning, "Down girl, down!"



Perhaps he shouldn't have taught her Bite, for her teeth tore the belt from his waist, his jeans dropping to his ankles as she claimed possession of his team's capsules, snorting with eyes shaped like melon crusts, as if to taunt. Tripping a couple steps over his denim shackles, Sini shook his feet free of the jeans and chased after the naughty Water-type in his boxer-briefs, crying out:

"You can give that back, or I can put you in the PC for a time out!"

Sienna stuck her tongue out at him, then nudged the trigger on one of the Poké Balls. From the trigger fired a crimson bolt of energy, which struck the ground between her and her trainer, the dragon stumbling to a stop. His most powerful Pokémon, a catch from the Kanto region, materialized before him. Any of you not from this world would have struggled to describe the being; but picture a bone-white sphynx cat with mailbox flags for horns instead of ears, a slender martial artist's torso, bony limbs, tubby fingers and a bulbous-tipped kangaroo's tail of a slate pink-purple. Unlike Sienna, he stood on two feet and appeared humanoid.

Sienna licked her snout and stalked toward him, the micro follicles of fur on his tail bristling. Mewtwo glanced back at Sini, and knew from the trainer's expression that the Vaporeon had gone rogue. Brows sagging sullenly, Mewtwo raised one paw, wrenching Sienna into the air with a Psychic clench.

Suddenly, the aura of his clench dispersed with an ominous whirring, the Vaporeon landing with a feline grace, her temple sapphire glowing radiantly. "What?" Mewtwo choked out the words, "Th-this power I sense..."



He gasped, her pheromonal presence suddenly striking him, and his head wavered and eyes fluttered, dazed by the potency of the hypnotic scent.

Sini crossed his paws in a wave to get Mewtwo's attention, failing. "H-hey! Wake up!"

Sienna pounced on the Psychic-type, the movement waking him with a wince; but when he tried to raise his hands to blast her off with a wave of telekinetic energy, he found himself rocked back by a rush of psionic power that rivalled his own; but in his astonishment, he couldn't gather the concentration to counter before she swallowed his flag-horned head.

Sini's boner stretched the elastic black fabric of his boxer-briefs, wetting them as he lost his composure to the unexpected turn of events. His Pokémon... eating another Pokémon on his team? "Noo, bad girl! Stop!" He threw himself to his knees beside her and tried wrenching her off of his legendary by the collar fluff; but the voracious monster-beast only moaned at her own naughty indulgence, rumbling deeply at that umami flavor of the slimy-textured legendary. The dragon curled his paws around her jaws and cranked them open wider, complaining, "Spit him out! Out, out!" only for it to have the opposite effect of the intended one, helping the slathering hedonist slurp down her exotic feast to a cacophony of slick snarfing and licentious mumbling.

Mewtwo's descent through that tight-fitting slide of lubricated flesh only afflicted him again with a daze of pheromonal infatuation; and he could but groan and squirm as though trying to break free of a fever dream, only managing to crawl himself deeper into her throat as those rings of muscle



squeezed and quaked, carrying that pod-bulge of fluff lower and lower, a low, wet croak of her belly telling the onlooking trainers that Sini had failed utterly to save from a trip to her gross, chyme-laden depths the rarest powerhouse on his team.

Grouching with delicious cramps, contractions and expansions, her belly ballooned into a fuzzy pillow shape, on which she lounged and huffed, kneading her paws into her taut, amassed bloat before curling her lips back for an enormous belch. Sini gagged on the acrid fumes, growing frustrated with her ill behavior. He had climbed onto the small-mount-sized monster's back, laid himself on his belly, and had begun squeezing the gurgly dome of her own in an effort to wedge Mewtwo through her sphincter, only to elicit a deep purr from the unintended massage.

"Hoomph!" he said at a startle, for she flicked an inch forward to gnaw on the end of his trainer girdle before slurping it in, reeling the entire rest of his stored team into her guts. The toxic spikes of his spine erected. "If you digest those Poké Balls, I'm putting you up for adoption!" He shook her between the shoulders, then clapped her on the drum-belly, goading her to retch up his beloved monsters. Instead, it sent the pouty Sienna darting around the fountain in short bursts, and she canted left and right, aiming to shrug him off.

And then, she rocked forward with a cathartic huff, and her belly suddenly squealed and shrank inward. During the deflation, it would explosively balloon larger every few seconds; his Poké Balls would melt away, freeing the rest of his teammates, who were within a few seconds of their



liberation annihilated by her smelting juices, their shapes devolving into clouds of mush within seconds before the Poké Juice they became would bloat her intestines, sagging the groinal portion of her belly.

Absorbing the liquid EXP points they became, her hypermetabolic belly growled its way back into a perfectly innocent slenderness, defeating his team for good. Her body blinked rapidly with a celebratory glow; and Sini realized, *She's levelling up*. She curled inward, quivering in ecstasy; and her body was cocooned in a bright, beatific white, quaking, morphing!

She's evolving! Sini gaped, before suddenly she reared onto her hind legs, the dragon dangling from her shoulders before staggering away, aghast.

“A-ahh...” Her groan of pleasure didn’t sound entirely feral. Her rear legs cracked, each of them straightening and trading their cute tubbiness for the curvy sophistication of a female biped. Her beast chest crackled and twisted, and then locked into position. At first, she had teetered like a Spinda on her feet, but as her belly organs shifted and ripples of change civilized her anatomy, her center of gravity changed, steadying her balance. “Nggh, aaah~” Her chest sprouted a pair of large, plump, sloshing breasts, the swollen mounds each easily each more than two hands wide and as thick as one of her thighs, the coral-pink teats dripping with an overflow of the copious milk. And it wasn’t just her boobs to which her trainer’s team had donated. “Oooh~” she crooned, running one of her humanoid hands down her heart-shaped booty, which seemed to have packed on a deal of pudge; Mewtwo’s thick marsupial haunches may have had a hand in that... But of course, the evolution of her curves had been a team effort, which was



confirmed by the warmth of five Pokémon residing on her booty cheeks, as well as the extent of how much her widened rump spread her exploratory hands apart.

She had grown to about seven feet tall, matching Sini's height.

One of the onlooking trainers had been gawking at the busty, anthropomorphized Vaporeon for so long, mid-lick of a triple scoop ice cream cone, that the treat had dribbled all over the tent of their erection; and the rest of the spectators were mightily aroused, seeming to regard her as the most beautiful lady that had ever set foot in Lilycove.

She turned toward Sini, eyes narrowing lustfully on him, eyelashes fluttering a little. She snorted a faint cloud of lavender pheromones at him and cooed, "Well now, I think you and I can agree that the rest of your team looks better as part of me, no?"

She hefted her squishy boobs as if to provide evidence to back that claim, which Sini, gulping, probably didn't need. *Her pheromones*, he thought, *they've gotten so much stronger...* And a heartbeat after he finished the thought, she spoke: "Ohh, that's not the only thing that's gotten stronger, my trainer~"

What?! "Did... you just read my mind?"

Sini became aware of it now, the psionic aura radiating around her, warping the air like heat in a devastating drought. She chuckled softly. "You *did* treat me to Mewtwo's psionic power... Very tasty. It boosted my own, and



I'm only beginning to harness the full potential of this power. But I think I'll practice my abilities on *you*."

The dragon reached for her Ball to encapsulate her, only to remember she had eaten them all, and suddenly felt the vulnerability facing a wild Pokémon without one of their own to defend themselves. "Uhh..." He direly did not want to learn what her idea of testing was, and stalled by walking backwards another loop around the fountain. "Whatever it is you're planning, I might remind you who walks you, pets you and feeds you every day. And who always forgives you, even for the naughtiest things you've done!"

Pebbles crumbled down a cliff-ledge beneath his heel; he had been walking parallel to the coast. The colorful roofs of quaint row houses awaited his fall, which, he decided, might be his safest bet. Gravity was a surer friend to his scale-protected body than a roulette game against a horny Vaporeon's whims. He kicked off, and dove toward the buildings with a sigh of relief; but after dropping but a storey or two, a blue-purple aura reminiscent of Mewtwo's psychic power enveloped him; and the fall back *upward* loosed the scream that a normal person would have already spent going the opposite direction, his arms flailing as telekinesis sent him somersaulting to the cobbles.

"Oh, I remember," she said, kneeling over the dragon's belly with a mischievous look. She hiked back her rump a little, hotdogging her asscheeks against the bulge of his uncut dick, and ran her petite claws along



his pecks. “And I’m very grateful. I love you for being my trainer, Sini. And if I didn’t, I don’t think I would hunger *nearly* as much for you as I do now~”

“O-ohh...”

Blushing, Sini couldn’t refuse a ravenous kiss from his busty girl, fully aware of how much of her fumes he breathed in as their hungry jaws collided, concocting a cocktail of saliva and enticing breath. The swirling stream of lavender breath cascaded into his lungs, eddying and seeping into his bloodstream, washing away his objections and worries. Down from the cervine-slim shoulders he slid his paws to the astounding curvature of her gigantic tits, and he cupped around the areolas and squished around the dribbling teats with his thumbs and fingers, gyrating his hands a bit, coaxing out more of her sweet milk, eliciting a bubbly swish of her tail.

Crooning, she broke the kiss, withdrawing only to lift up her booty, pull his member out of his boxer-briefs and pump down on it, swallowing the head in her pussy, beginning to rigorously attack her trainer, whittling away at the health bar of his composure. She cupped the balls of her heels with her paws to buttress herself.

“F-ffuck, Sienna...” Despite Sini’s wholehearted commitment to the situation, he was still aware of the indecency of having his dragon dick ridden in plain view of everyone strolling in and out of the department store, and tried to suppress his groinal aggression for the public’s sake, outing a few meditative breaths to the sight of Wingfulls winging around the crystalline blue sky before her cunt squished against the base of his dragonhood and milked relentlessly, muscling him as though trying to suck in his nuts. His



euphoria drove him to the verge of fainting, a high whinny escaping him before he blew his load, erupting into her.

Jizz painted her innards, her pool of acids burbling and rising higher, even turning a milky hue in conglomeration with his male spew. That was just the primer of her belly walls before the meal, her swollen belly eliciting a low growl before she licked her lips and carefully pumped herself inch by inch free of his spent, floppy length before she hefted him up under the shoulders and nosed under his chin, growling, “Ever since you got me, you’ve treated me like the favorite on your team. Training my EVs. Levelling me up every day. Eating the rest of them made me *almost* perfect. But I still feel so incomplete without *my* favorite... you~”

She yawned, and one puff of her aphrodisiacal perfume deepened Sini’s trance, to the extent that he couldn’t even articulate himself but with brusque grunts of blissful agreement. Her tender hold... the seeming friendliness of that furrowed, ringed cavern of flesh and candy corn-shaped teeth... to these Sini gave no dissent; and when she swallowed his face, he only felt his boner awaken again, springing against his cum-soaked belly scales as that scaletight tunnel clamped around him with a wanton squelch, slicking his ears to the crown of his skull.

If he could have constructed a sentence in his addled mind, it would have been this: *So this is what it must be like for Pokémon to be transferred through a PC...* He grinned goofily as peristaltic waves folded more of his neck spines before the damp muscle-rings enwrapped his shoulders. Soon, his nose dipped toward the flow of gravity, her heartbeat thumping heavily



against him; and her tongue played over his pillowy belly to the soft groans of the greedy girl.

It amazed him, her hunger. She had once gluttoned on half a two-pound bag of bean-sized pellet food in one sitting, but he hadn't imagined that she would be able to eat an entire Pokémon, let alone a trainer of several hundred pounds. Yet, it didn't come without strain: He could feel her jaws quivering, the sockets close to dislocating, and hear the turmoil in her gulps and the moist, ululating protests of her esophageal folds.

If he'd had X-ray vision, he would have seen one of the benched bystanders knuckling the inside of their pants, jerking off to the Pokémon trainer's demise in a not-so-subtle fashion, while a crowd coming and going from the store gathered around the fountain area, rife with gasps of shock, confusion, panic and arousal.

Should someone call the police? Try to break up the 'fight'? Help feed the Vaporeon? The variation of reactions was multitudinous, divided between those who genuinely wanted to help the dragon, those who simply wanted to call authority to feel like saviors, those who had no clue how to handle the situation and could offer only gibberish, and those who cared only about rubbing one off.

And who could blame the masturbators? The scene had a similar rarity to a shiny; and it was clear that no authority would arrive in time to properly assist the dragon when she flexed her jaws like a Swalot and swallowed one last time, her tumid throat bulge bowling down to her tummy.



“Mmmph... right where you belong, trainer...” Sienna cupped and groped her rotund belly, the nigh-perfect sphere rolling and rumbling like a Poké Ball trying to seal in a powerful, freshly-caught Pokémon. The dragon huffed on the fatigue of the thickening steam of her digestive fumes, restless with the pleasure of the rising acids burbling along his hide and slowly pooling higher, sizzling away his identity. “Urruhgup...”

Her belly acids scalded away at him, and his pheromone-suffused mind tricked him into feeling pleasure rather than pain at the burning, numbing sensation, slowly decomposing every scale, unveiling the shiny muscles of a strong-chested runner, which quickly foamed under the veil of the elevating broth, infusing her groaning tummy with a plethora of borborygmi. The chemical eruptions and quakes of her internal reactor were coupled with whines and peals of her intestines bulging, puttering, pulsating and chugging against one another as her stomach obliterated the dragon into a mush, peristaltic waves greeting the accruing salvageable remnants through her duodenum and into the den downstairs, whose tubes clenched and absorbed the scaly soup with a resounding thunder of decadent purrs, chuffs, sloses and burbles.

Her paws girdled her deflating belly, and she moaned at the intensity of the metabolic heat, fur fluffing up as her midriff riffed away her former trainer with luxurious drones and snarls of abandon, heating her up her body, especially around the loins, like a direct hit from the breath of a Charizard.



One last kick flattened her belly, not from Sini, but from one final bubbly combustion of enzymes... And a surge of power and clarity rippled through her, akin to the effect of a mallet striking a singing bowl. “Ooh...” She huffed out a potent breath, the lavender tinted with a rich purple, the dragon’s own mind poison strengthening her own. Bones cracked, and she hiked higher in pulses of growth, her size and curvature both evolving again, as though fed an evolution stone, the stone in this case being her trainer’s essence. The boobs of her busty chest swelled beyond the girth of the most hefty trainer’s ass, while her belly creaked and expanded into a close runner up in squishiness and thickness.

Her head sapphire glowed like a lantern, the dragon having amplified her psychic powers even further; and she stood a full eight feet tall, the drooling civilians looking kobold-sized to her now.

And speaking of kobolds...

She wheezed her dragon-enhanced breath, and billows of the sweet perfume clouded the seaside cliff, dampening the summer light beneath that surreal magenta haze, the onlookers falling to their knees and groaning, twitching, embracing the fever of sin with which she afflicted them. She smiled. It seemed she had gained her former trainer’s Poison type, and it was super effective against the city’s inhabitants...

Sini had wanted to train her to be as strong as she could be, and she would soon exceed his expectations and become the most powerful Pokémon in all of Lilycove, converting everyone into members of her breath-taking harem, indiscriminate of gender. And with a whole city of servants who could



sate both her sexual lust and her hunger, she would reach her full potential. The naughty Vaporeon enshrouded Lilycove in a cloud of pheromones; and so began her hedonistic rule...



Reader, I'm so grateful for your eyes and your care, so thank you <3

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Discord: Sini#6725

Telegram: @sinirar

